A POWER COMIC

THE INCREDIBLE HULK—PLUS DAREDEVIL—PLUS!

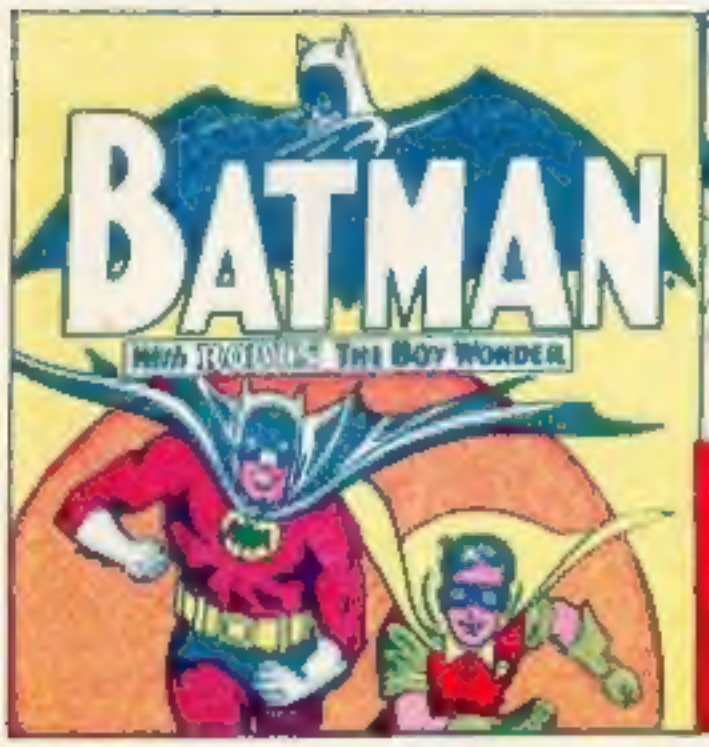
SMASH!

No. 84
9th SEPT. 1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

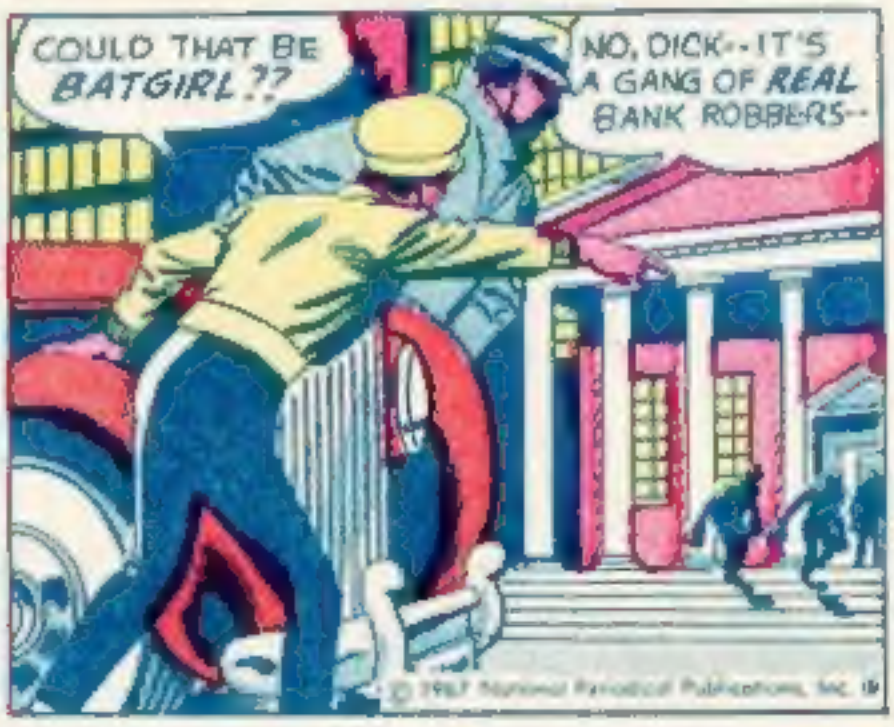
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 9c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

BATMAN

With ROBIN: THE BOY WONDER


NOT A POLICE CAR IN SIGHT, BRUCE!
GOOD! I'D HATE TO BE CAUGHT IN THIS OUTFIT!
TWO CROOKS IN A ROLLS-ROYCE? HOLY HALLUCINATIONS! IT'S BATMAN AND ROBIN!— ON THE TRAIL OF BATGIRL!
678OBE

THE CROOK-CLAD LAWMEN STOP NEAR THE GOTHAM CITY TRUST BANK...



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YOU'RE LETTING THEM GET AWAY?

WE HAVE NO CHOICE, CHUM!

IF WE HOPE TO CAPTURE BATGIRL, THERE'S ROOM HERE FOR ONLY ONE SET OF ROBBERS!

OF COURSE!

WHAT NOW?

WE SET OFF THE BANK'S BURGLAR ALARM AND HOPE IT'LL FETCH BATGIRL!

BUT THE ONLY "GIRL" ON THE DESERTED STREETS IS A PRIM, BESPECTACLED, TIMID-LOOKING CREATURE TAKING A LATE-HOUR DRIVE! CAN IT BE--?!

GOTHAM CITY TRUST BANK

SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, BRUCE--EVEN FOR US!

OH?

TO BE BUSTING INTO A BANK, I MEAN! IT'S NOT LEGAL!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO "BUST IN," CHUM--.

--WE'RE SIMPLY GOING TO SET OFF THE BURGLAR ALARM!

REFORM SCHOOL, HERE I COME!

IF YOU SET OFF THE BANK'S BURGLAR ALARM, THE PLACE'LL BE SWARMING WITH POLICE!

NATURALLY, DICK--

--BUT I HAVE A HUNCH BATGIRL WILL GET HERE BEFORE THE LAW!

--GIVING US A CHANCE TO GRAB HER!

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DELIBERATELY, THE DISGUISED BATMAN SHORT-CIRCUITS THE ALARM SYSTEM!

Distributed by The London Syndicate, Ltd.

GOSH, BRUCE--DOESN'T THAT HURT?!?

A LITTLE...BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE JOB!

ZZZZTT!

THE ELECTRICITY HAS ME FROZEN TO THE BARS!

ZZZTT!

HOLY HOT-FOOT!

MORE SHOCKS NEXT WEEK!

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Percy's Pets

I HATE HOT WEATHER—IT'S ALWAYS MY JOB TO KEEP PERCY COOL! IT'S A WONDER I DON'T GET A COLD IN MY NOSE!

WHAM AND SMASH ARE SUPER!

MEANWHILE...

WHERE'S THE SPRINKLER FOR MY WATERING CAN?

GRR! PERCY'S PINCHED IT AGAIN! IT'S THE SAME EVERY SUMMER! HE'S FIXED IT TO THAT ELEPHANT'S TRUNK!

AAGH! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I'M TAKING MY SPRINKLER BACK—THAT'S WHAT!

BY ALL MEANS—HAVE IT!

GRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET!

HELP! WHAT DOES PERCY WANT *ME* FOR?

ARMOUR GAUNTLETS

HEH! HEH! YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!

AGGH! OOH! OOH!

STAB!

THERE—A NEW SPRINKLER—JUST THE JOB!

GRR! AND I'LL NEED NEW SPIKES!

I'LL HAVE TO TEACH PERCY A LESSON!

MINUTES LATER...

AH! NOW FOR SOME MORE SUN! GET THE SPRINKLER GOING, JUMBO!

HEH! HEH! WAIT FOR IT, FOLKS!

STAB! STAB! STAB!

AIEEEE!

NO! NO! THAT MADE HIM JUMP!

WAA-AAH!

COO! PERCY'S LANDED ON AN ARTIFICIAL 'HEDGE-HOG' NOW!

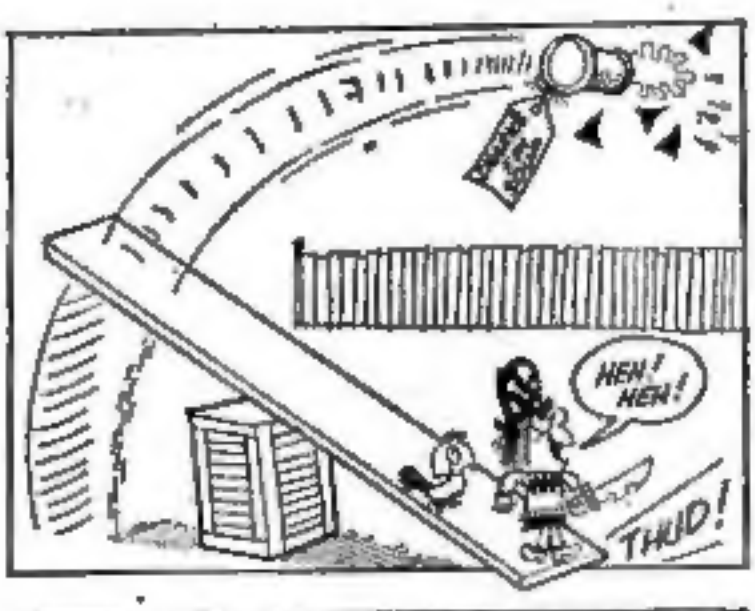
SPLOSH!

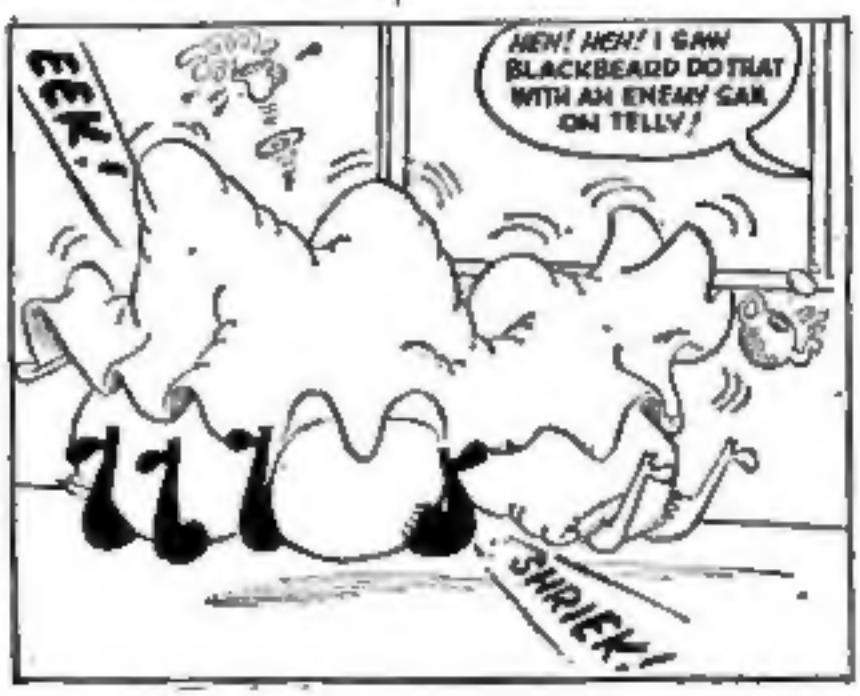
HEH! HEH! I DON'T THINK PERCY WILL NEED ME ANY MORE—HE LOOKS COOL ENOUGH NOW!

GRRR! GRRR!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967





OO-ER! YOU'RE RIGHT, POLLY — A MAN-O'-WAR, TOO!

PRACTICE PUNCH!

THAT'S IT, CAP'N — GIVE IT A BROAD-SIDE!

NO! NO! A SILLY LITTLE CANNONBALL LIKE THAT WON'T HURT ME!

??

AAGH! — GASP! — A BLINKING STINK BOMB! GASP!

BLACK BEARD'S GOT NOTHING ON YOU, PENNY!

LET'S HAVE A BREAK, POLL! IT'S 'POP TWENTY' ON JUST NOW!

GO, MAN — GO!

YEAH! YEAH! WOO! WOO!

AHA! WHAT'S THIS THEN?

?

THAT'S A 'PIRATE' STATION! DON'T YOU KNOW 'PIRATE' RADIOS ARE ILLEGAL!

I'M OFF!

WHAH! IT'S A FRAME-UP!!

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

PENALTY FOR OPERATING A PIRATE RADIO — SIX OF THE BEST!

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW, BUT THE LAW CAN BEAT YOU! —

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Kim Brown, London, S.F.24; Stephen Phillips, Liverpool; N. Jones, Cardiff, Wales; Kevin Booker, Walsall, Staffs.; Ian Laberty, Queensland, Australia; L. Archer, Swindon, Wilts.; J. Eidel, Cockfosters, Herts.; Anthony Dagul, London, W.9; Patrick Barnford, Leeds.; Kenneth Nattrass, Co. Durham; Melvin Beard, Stapleford, Notts.; A. MacWilliam, Carmarthen, S. Wales; Kelly Stewart, London, N.15; Joe Bush, Edgware, Middx.; Mark Taylor, Cranleigh, Surrey; Pinchas Leigh, Haifa, Israel; L. O'Brien, Emsworth, Hants.; Tegwyn Pughe, Pinner, Middx.; A. Horrocks, Preston, Lancs.; L. Chang, Beckenham, Kent.

FACE front!! For the second inspiring instalment of incidental intelligence on key characters in the comic business! Spotlighting the lad whose magic pencil brings the writer's story to stonging life . . . The ARTIST!

Our pro pencil-pusher must be able to draw well (natch!) and also draw well FAST!! If his art doesn't get to the printers on time the result could mean two or more BLANK PAGES in an issue! —and that gives us the shakes just to think about it! Add to that the fact that the average artist is expected to create some thirty to forty pictures (or 'frames' as they are known in the profesh) a week and you'll agree that adds up to a man-size responsibility! It's also his responsibility to interpret, visually, the right mood or atmosphere of the writer's story as well as create the characters with appearance to match script and dialogue. Poor art can kill a superlative script stone dead, and that's why you'll hear scriptwriters and editors lower their voices with hushed respect when the name of a master penster comes up.

He generally works in black and white. (Colour, if needed, is left to a specialist colourman, same thing goes for lettering!) Usually he's a gent who works at home, posting in his pages as he finishes them. He's owner of a king-sized reference library, for in a script he could be called on to depict anything from a tulwar to a tragopan, and he always must keep in touch with modern trends in dress, hair-style, etc., or his work will have that 'dated' look.

Last, if he's good, he makes good money (we know that isn't important, but we just threw it in as a bonus). Still want to art for a living, you would-be pensters? If you do, take some art school training, keep on looking at comics, then take pen in hand and DO it, tiger!

Next week's final educational instalment will take apart a typical EDITOR! So until that gruesome moment . . . 'nuff said!!

* * *

WHO'S TRAINING WHO? When we hire staff, we always go for the BEST! But sometimes we even surprise ourselves! Take young STEVE MOORE for instance!

A keen and promising lad who joined us to learn the comic business. Well, that's what we THOUGHT anyway! Fact is we'd hardly had time to puff out our chests and begin to impart the gems of our knowledge when we realised this kiddo is an EXPERT! . . . a walking ENCYCLOPAEDIA on comics!! Hold up a piece of superhero art, dated even as far back as the early forties, and Steve knows who wrote it, arted, coloured and lettered it . . . and probably even the PAPER the writer used to script it on! He's even gone so far as to tell us obscure facts about the origins of the super-heroes WE use in POWER! And we've argued with him and, darn it, he's been RIGHT! But we're big people up here in the garret! We don't hold it against him! And anyway, Sunny Steve's a nice (and useful) team-mate to have around!

In battle order: great new Action Man fighting heroes

Now you can make Action Man into a world famous fighting hero – six fighting heroes to be exact! Authentically detailed 'Soldiers of the Century'. Australian Jungle Fighter, French Resistance Fighter, American Green Beret, British Infantryman, Russian Infantryman, and German Stormtrooper. Equipment and uniforms available together, or separately on budget cards. Either way means bags of fun – and more stars towards your free Action Man!

PALITOY MEGO
ACTION man
SOLDIERS OF THE CENTURY
palitoy

TOY OF THE YEAR
N·A·T·R

Action Man Command BXL Toy Division, Coalville, Leicester

WITH THE BEAUTIFUL KAREN AS HOSTAGE, AND PROTECTED BY AN ARMY OF MUSCLE MEN, IT SEEMS THAT NOTHING CAN STOP KILLGRAVE—THE PURPLE MAN—FROM USING HIS STRANGE, HYPNOTIC POWER TO TAKE OVER AS PRINCE OF CRIME. NOTHING, THAT IS, SAVE...

DAREDEVIL!

NOW! THEIR PULSE RATES ARE SHARPLY ACCELERATED! THEY'RE PREPARING TO LUNGE FORWARD! I'VE JUST TIME TO UNSHEATH MY BILLY CLUB!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE *WAITIN'* FOR??

LET'S *GET* 'IM!

BUT "GETTING" THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR IS SOMEWHAT MORE DIFFICULT THAN IT SEEMS! MOVING WITH THE LIGHTNING-LIKE PRECISION OF ONE WHO HAS SPENT HIS LIFE IN TRAINING, DAREDEVIL BALANCES HIMSELF UPON HIS UPRIGHT BILLY CLUB, AND SPINS AROUND WITH THE FORCE OF A WHIRLWIND!

WHAM!

HE'S TOO *FAST* TO TACKLE LIKE THIS! BUT A *BULLET* WILL SURE ENOUGH STOP 'IM!

THE SOUND OF A PISTOL HAMMER BEING COCKED! I MUST TIME MY MOVE TO THE MICRO-SECOND! ---*NOW!*

CRACK!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1964.

CLUMSY FOOL! YOU *MISSED* HIM!

NOT IF *I* CAN HELP IT!

RELAX! MY *NEXT* SHOT'LL GET HIM!

CLICK!

BY SNAPPING MY BILLY CLUB INTO POSITION AT A 90 DEGREE RIGHT ANGLE, I CAN HURL IT LIKE A *BOOMERANG!*

AND I CAN PIN-POINT MY TARGET BY THE UNMISTAKABLE SMELL OF GUNPOWDER!

OWW!

WHAP!

I ADVISE *NONE* OF YOU TO TRY THAT AGAIN! MY FIGHT IS WITH THE *PURPLE MAN*, NOT YOU POOR HELPLESS DUPES!

I HEAR TWO MORE SNEAKING UP BEHIND ME! THEY DON'T SUSPECT THAT THEIR LIGHT TREAD SOUNDS LIKE *DRUM-BEATS* TO ME!

WHAT'S THE *MATTER* WITH US? HE'S ONLY *ONE GUY!* WHY DON'T WE *PULVERIZE* 'IM??

WE *GOT* HIM!

THEY'LL EXPECT ME TO RESIST! INSTEAD, I'LL DO JUST THE *OPPOSITE!*

DON'T LET 'IM STRAIGHTEN UP TO GRAB THAT *STICK* OF HIS!

I'VE NO *INTENTION* OF STRAIGHTENING UP, BOYS! I'LL SIMPLY FALL IN THE DIRECTION YOU'RE PUSHING ME, USING THE FORCE OF YOUR OWN ATTACK TO THROW YOU, IN THE TIME-HONOURED JUDO STYLE!

THUD

KILLGRAVE! I HEAR HIM RUNNING OFF WITH KAREN!

NOW I WON'T HAVE TO BATTLE THE OTHERS! ONCE THE PURPLE MAN LEAVES THEM, HIS CONTROL OVER THEM WILL END!

I HEAR THE ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSING!

CAN'T GET THERE IN TIME!

--BUT MY BILLY CLUB CAN!

THWUMP!

BLAST HIM! HE JAMMED THE DOOR!

DESPERATELY, KILLGRAVE DISLODGES DAREDEVIL'S AMAZING CANE WEAPON, BUT NOT BEFORE THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR HAS HAD TIME TO STRIKE!

YOUR LITTLE SHOW IS OVER, KILLGRAVE! THIS IS YOUR "MOMENT OF TRUTH!"

WHUMP

BUT, BEFORE THE MASHED CRUSADER CAN CONSOLIDATE HIS ADVANTAGE, THE PURPLE MAN RESORTS TO HIS ONE ACE-IN-THE-HOLE...

KAREN! STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF! AT MY NEXT COMMAND... HURL YOURSELF TO THE STREET BELOW!

NO! DON'T DO IT, KILLGRAVE!

WHETHER I ORDER HER TO DO IT OR NOT, DEPENDS ON YOU, DAREDEVIL!

I CAN'T AFFORD TO GAMBLE WITH A HUMAN LIFE! ESPECIALLY... HERS! THIS ROUND IS YOURS!

THERE YOU ARE WRONG, MY DEFEATED FOOL! I HAVE WON EVERY ROUND... FOR THIS IS THE FINAL ONE!

WHAT I CANNOT ACCOMPLISH WITH MY UNCANNY POWER, I CAN CERTAINLY ACHIEVE WITH THIS GUN!

AND NOW, YOUR RASH DEFIANCE HAS FORCED ME TO DO WHAT I DID NOT WISH TO DO! BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE! I CANNOT ALLOW ANYONE TO LIVE WHO CAN RESIST MY POWER!

BEFORE YOU SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER... TELL ME... WHAT IS YOUR POWER? HOW DID YOU OBTAIN IT?

"YES, IT IS ONLY FITTING THAT YOU DO KNOW... BEFORE THE END COMES! IT BEGAN SOME MONTHS AGO, WHEN I STOLE INTO AN ARMY ORDNANCE DEPOT! FOR, YOU SEE, I WAS FORMERLY A SPY FOR A FOREIGN POWER!"

THIS IS WHERE THE DREADED "NERVE GAS" IS STORED!

HOLD IT, YOU!

I'VE BAMBOOZLED A GUARD SPOTTED ME!

I CAN'T LET HIM CATCH ME! THE PENALTY COULD BE DEATH!

PUT DOWN THAT GUN! DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU CAN'T... UHH!

CRACK!

"I ONLY MANAGED TO GRAZE HIM, AND BEFORE HE FELL, HIS OWN GUN WENT OFF, STRIKING A LARGE GLASS BEAKER ON THE SHELF ABOVE ME!"

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

CRACK!

"BEFORE I COULD MOVE, THE CONTENTS OF THE BEAKER... CONTAINING A STRANGE PURPLE NERVE GAS, POURED OVER ME... DYEING MY ENTIRE BODY INDELIBLY! AND, BY THEN, OTHER GUARDS HAD SURROUNDED ME!"

WE CAUGHT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!

"DAZED, FRIGHTENED, I MUMBLED A WEAK STORY ABOUT BEING INNOCENT... ABOUT IT BEING AN ACCIDENT! BUT, TO MY ASTONISHMENT, THEY BELIEVED ME!"

IF YOU SAY YOU'RE INNOCENT, SIR, WE'RE SORRY WE ACCUSED YOU!

FOR SOME REASON, THEY BELIEVE WHATEVER I SAY!

THEN, AS TIME WENT BY, AND MORE SUCH INCIDENTS OCCURRED, I KNEW THE TRUTH! IN SOME INEXPLICABLE WAY, THE PURPLE NERVE GAS HAD FUSED WITH MY OWN BODY ACIDS, GIVING ME A POWER GREATER THAN ANY HUMAN HAS EVER POSSESSED... THE POWER TO COMMAND MEN'S WILLS!"

ONLY YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO RESIST ME... AND, FOR THAT REASON, YOU CAN NO LONGER BE PERMITTED TO LIVE!

THANK YOU, KILLGRAVE!

THANK ME?? FOR WHAT??

FOR FURNISHING ME WITH THE EVIDENCE THE POLICE WILL NEED TO CONVICT YOU FOR TREASON!

IT'S ALL DOWN ON MY CONCEALED TAPE RECORDER!

AS FOR THAT INEFFECTUAL GUN OF YOURS, YOU DIDN'T *REALLY* THINK I'D BE A SITTING DUCK FOR YOU, DID YOU??

IT *WORKED*! I HAD TO GAMBLE THAT THE SHOCK OF REALIZING HIS CONFESSION WAS DOWN ON TAPE WOULD BLOW HIS REFLEXES ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO STRIKE!

WHAP!

AND THEN, WITHOUT PAUSING TO CATCH A BREATH, THE DAZZLING DAREDEVIL HURLS HIMSELF RIGHT OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, DRAGGING THE STILL-ENTRANCED KAREN PAGE AS HE DOES SO!

HE MUST HAVE GONE *MAD*! HE'S THROWING HIMSELF TO HIS *DEATH*... AND TAKING THE GIRL *WITH* HIM!

NO! IT'S *I* WHO WAS *MAD*! I ALLOWED HIM TO ESCAPE RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE! HE KNEW THERE WAS A *SCAFFOLD* THERE!

I'LL GET YOU *YET*!! YOU'RE *DOOMED*!

THERE ARE REPORTERS DOWN BELOW... CAMERAMEN... POLICE! BUT THEY CAN'T STOP *ME*! ONCE I'M NEAR THEM, THEY'LL BE IN MY POWER... LIKE EVERY-ONE *ELSE*!

ONLY *DAREDEVIL* CAN RESIST MY PURPLE POWER... HE MUST BE DESTROYED... NO MATTER *WHAT*!!

AND THEN ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING SCENES IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME OCCURS! IN FULL VIEW OF A HELPLESS CROWD—WITH THE EYES OF THE WORLD WATCHING VIA LIVE T.V. COVERAGE, THE PURPLE MAN PREPARES TO FIGHT HIS GREATEST FIGHT!

BRING DARE-DEVIL TO ME! HE CANNOT HIDE FROM THE *PURPLE MAN*!

BUT NOW, ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC, THE MOST DARING, THE MOST DAZZLING ADVENTURERS OF ALL TIME STEPS FORWARD TO *MEET* THE CHALLENGE... ARMED ONLY WITH HIS SUPER-SHARP SENSES... HIS UNIQUE BILLY CLUB... AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, HIS MATCHLESS, UNFAILING *COURAGE*!

DAREDEVIL HIDES FROM NO ONE!! NOW WE SHALL *SEE* WHOSE POWER IS TRULY THE *GREATEST*!

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO *SOON*?? ALTHOUGH YOU CAN RESIST MY COMMANDS, THE *CROWD* CANNOT! *THIS* TIME YOU ARE HELPLESSLY SURROUNDED! AND I SHALL *REMAIN* HERE, TO DIRECT YOUR DEFEAT!

DAREDEVIL IS YOUR *ENEMY*! SMASH HIM! SLAY HIM! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE *ALIVE*!

HIS HOLD OVER OTHERS IS AS STRONG AS EVER! BUT, I *EXPECTED* HIM TO DO THIS...

NOW, IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN IF MY GAMBLE WILL PAY OFF!

THEN, MOVING WITH STAGGERING SPEED, BEFORE THE HOSTILE CROWD CAN REACH HIM, DAREDEVIL SPINS AROUND, FACING KILLGRAVE, AND RELEASES THE SNAP CATCH OF HIS CANE, WHERE HE HAD ROLLED HIS SPECIALLY-PREPARED PLASTIC SHEET...

SWISH!

HMM...?

SNAP!

IT'S NOW... OR *NEVER*!

EXACTLY AS PLANNED, THE CHEMICALLY-TREATED MATERIAL COMPLETELY ENSHROUDS THE TRAPPED PURPLE MAN, COVERING EVERY BIT OF HIS DYED, STRANGELY-POTENT SKIN!

I NO LONGER FEEL THE UNCANNY EMANATIONS FROM KILLGRAVE! THE PLASTIC SHEET HAS EFFECTIVELY CUT THEM OFF, AS I HOPED IT WOULD!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHO IS THAT MAN COVERED BY THE PLASTIC SHEET?

WITH HIS PURPLE SKIN COVERED UP, THE CROWD HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL! *NOW* WE KNOW THE WAY TO THWART KILLGRAVE'S POWER!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE PLASTIC SHEET IS SECURELY TIED AROUND THE HAPLESS PRISONER, AS THE POLICE CLOSE IN TO TAKE OVER...

LOOK! ISN'T THAT DAREDEVIL? THE MAN THE NEWSPAPERS REFER TO AS BEING ABSOLUTELY FEARLESS!?

THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! THIS IS PROBABLY THE FIRST TIME HE'S ALLOWED A CROWD OF PEOPLE TO GET SO CLOSE TO HIM!

GOOD WORK, DAREDEVIL! WITH THAT SPOOL OF MAGNETIC TAPE YOU GAVE US, WE HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE ON KILLGRAVE TO PUT HIM AWAY FOR A LONG LONG TIME!

C'MON, SAM! GET THAT TRUCK CLOSER! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET AN EXCLUSIVE *INTERVIEW* WITH DAREDEVIL!

TRY TO GET THE CROWD TO STAND ASIDE! IT'S HARD TO FOCUS ON HIM!

LET'S GO, GANG! LET'S GET DAREDEVIL'S *AUTOGRAPH* WHILE WE CAN!

HOLD IT, DAREDEVIL! WE WANT A FEW MORE SHOTS OF YOU IN THAT POSE!

HOW ABOUT A *SMILE*, FELLA? TURN MORE THIS WAY, WILL YOU?

BUT THEN, BEFORE THE EAGER CROWD CAN CLOSE IN ANY FURTHER...

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY BEFORE I'M *MOBBED!*

WAIT! WE WANT YOUR *AUTOGRAPH!*

COME *BACK!* JUST FOR A FEW MORE *PICTURES!*

AND, WHILE THE SIGHTLESS ADVENTURER TAKES HIS LEAVE, FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON PUSHES HIS THROUGH THE MILLING CROWD...

KAREN! IT'S *ME!* I WAS WATCHING TV...I *SAW* YOU! I RUSHED TO GET YOU...!

FOGGY... IT'S ALL RIGHT! KILLGRAVE IS *BEATEN!*

AS, FROM A SECOND STOREY WINDOW, ABOVE THE COUPLE...

I HEAR KAREN AND FOGGY BELOW! I'LL CHANGE AND BEAT THEM BACK TO THE OFFICE!

I WAS SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU, KAREN! BUT, THANKS TO *DAREDEVIL*...

...I WISH I KNEW WHO HE REALLY *IS!* HE'S *SOME* BALL OF FIRE!

WHAT ABOUT MATT? IS HE ALL RIGHT?

REACHING THE OFFICE A SHORT TIME LATER, KAREN RECEIVES THE ANSWER TO HER QUESTION...

MATT, YOU SIMPLY WOULDN'T *BELIEVE* WHAT HAPPENED?! THAT HORRIBLE PURPLE MAN HAD ME UNDER SOME SORT OF SPELL! HE SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE TO DEFEAT...UNTIL *DAREDEVIL* CAME ALONG!

SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER WITH YOU, PARTNER! I WAS JUST KIND OF UPSET! I REALIZE IT WASN'T *YOUR* FAULT!

NO HARD FEELINGS, FOGGY! WE *BOTH* WERE WORRIED ABOUT KAREN!

BUT, NOW THAT I KNOW HOW *FOGGY* FEELS ABOUT HER, I MUST NEVER REVEAL MY *OWN* FEELINGS! IT...JUST WOULDN'T BE RIGHT!

HOW LONG CAN MATT HOPE TO KEEP HIS OTHER SWASHBUCKLING IDENTITY A SECRET FROM THE BEAUTIFUL KAREN? ESPECIALLY WHEN, IN NEXT WEEK'S CLASSIC DRAMA, THEY ARE THROWN INTO PERIL TOGETHER BY...

THE MASKED MATADOR!

BABY SMASHER

Why should that fat ol' geezer have a cornet an' not Ill' ol' me?

Slurp! Slurp!

Never mind—I know a way to enjoy it, too!

Twiddle!

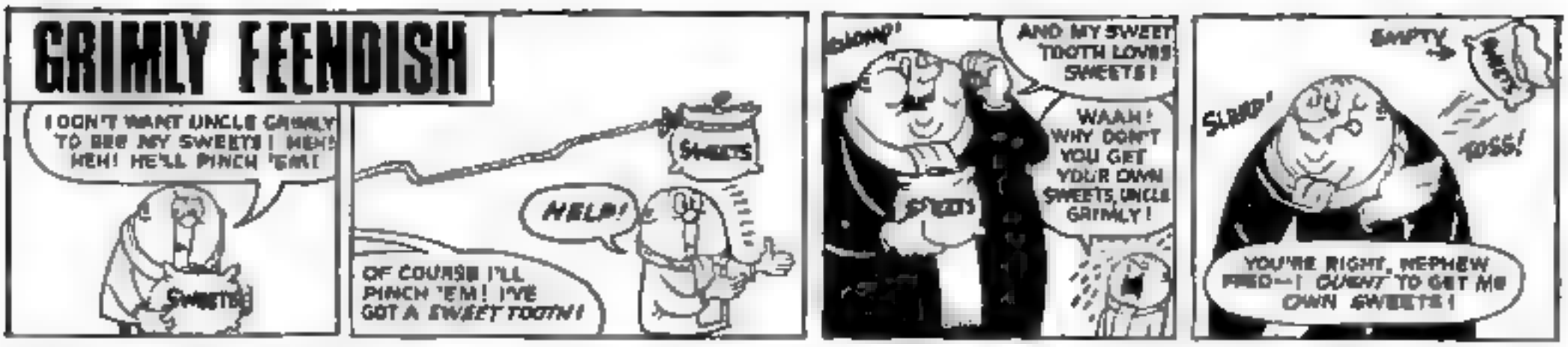
YEEOW!

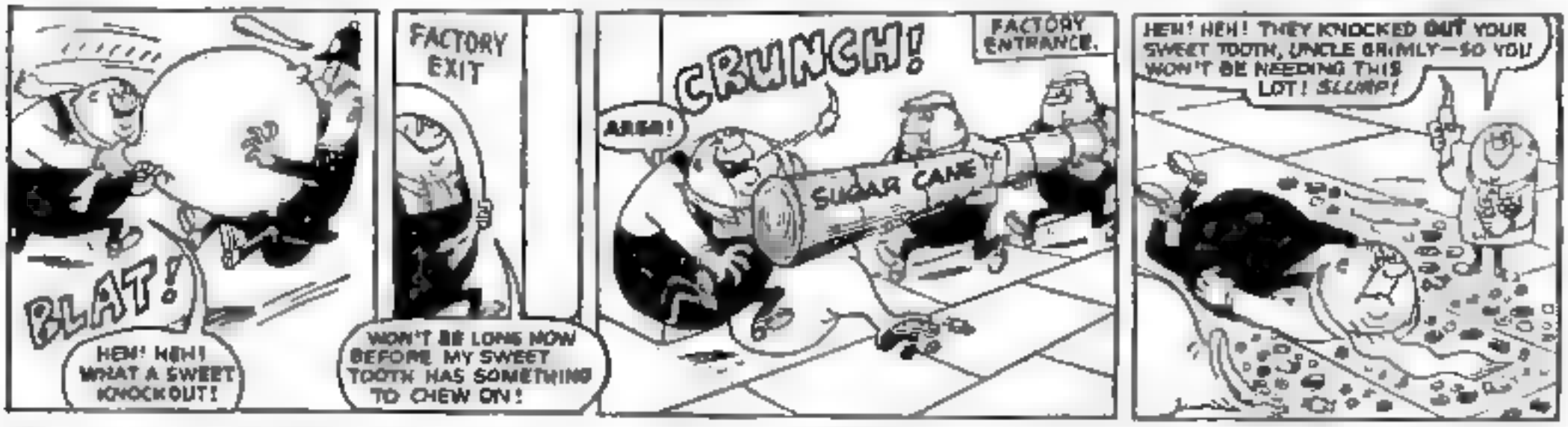
Uck! Uck! Uckle!

SPLOSH!

GRRRRR!

Uck! Uck! I didn't get any—but I enjoyed it! Uck! Uck!


GRIMLY FEENDISH
I DON'T WANT UNCLE GRIMLY TO SEE MY SWEETS! HEH! HEH! HE'LL PINCH 'EM!
SWEETS
SWEETS
HELP!
OF COURSE I'LL PINCH 'EM! I'VE GOT A SWEET TOOTH!
SLURP!
AND MY SWEET TOOTH LOVES SWEETS!
WAAH! WHY DON'T YOU GET YOUR OWN SWEETS, UNCLE GRIMLY!
SLURP!
EMPTY
SWEETS
BOSS!
YOU'RE RIGHT, NEPHEW FRED—I OUGHT TO GET MY OWN SWEETS!
YUM YUM SWEET CO.
EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE
IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT 'EM—JOIN 'EM!
HEH! HEH! EASY, ISN'T IT!
STOP, YOU ROTTEN SWEET THIEF!
TEE! HEE! I'M NOT STOPPING. WHAT SORT OF SUCKER DOES HE TAKE ME FOR?
GOT YOU!
OH, YEAH?


BLAT!
HEH! HEH! WHAT A SWEET KNOCKOUT!
FACTORY EXIT
WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE MY SWEET TOOTH HAS SOMETHING TO CHEW ON!
CRUNCH!
FACTORY ENTRANCE
AREH!
SUGAR CANE
HEH! HEH! THEY KNOCKED OUT YOUR SWEET TOOTH, UNCLE GRIMLY—SO YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THIS LOT! SLURP!

SMASH -CHAT!

Have you got anything to say? Chat it over with Alf and Cos. YOU could win a £1!

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think your stories are slipping, for they are now boring. Have you changed writers? Or is the old one on strike? I think if this letter is published you had better give him my pound for he might be able to make them interesting again.

Alan Davies,
Bryn, Lancs.

● *Eh? Any more letters like this—and BANG will go our chances of getting the Nobel Prize again this year (or a raise out of 'Sir').*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have been reading SMASH every week and I think it's the best comic I've ever read. I bet you'll never believe me, but when I read SMASH in bed, our cat jumped on the bed and read SMASH with me. I think our cat finds SMASH great, too!

Peter Waddleton,
Oxford.

● *Why shouldn't we believe you, Pete?*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I'm sure many of those Daredevil fans would like to know his full origin. His mother died leaving Matthew Murdock no brothers or sisters. His father was a wrestler and tried to make his son proud of him. As he could get no fights, he went to "The Fixer" (he had sworn never to go to him) to get one. The Fixer got him several fights and he won them all. Unfortunately, he did not know they were all fixed. This went on until the fight for the championship. Then The Fixer told him that he must take a dive and lose the fight. But Murdock refused and went on to win the fight. The Fixer now lost a lot of money and killed Murdock for revenge. Then Matt, his son, got his powers and caught The Fixer and handed him over to the police.

Richard Bale,
Romford, Essex.

● *Thanks for the info.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Fellas,

Here are a few suggestions for a club which the Power Pack readers could join, and which you could be the bosses of. And it could have some officers as well. By buying his or her first Power Mag, a fan is entitled to the rank of R.F.O. (Real Frantic One). His first published letter elevates him to Q.N.S. (Quite 'Nuff Sayer). A no-prize raises him to T.B. (True Believer). Each additional no-prize raises him one level: J.H.C. (Junior Howling Commando) to R.H. (Resident Hulk), A.A.T. (Associate Assistant Thing) and finally to the ultimate, the upmost status a fan can attain; P.M. (Powerite Maximus). Naturally, the artists all have the rank of D.D.D. (Definitely Dizzy Doodlers); the editorial assistants are I.P.R. (Inimitable Proof-Readers); art associates are V.O.D. (Victims Of Doodlers); the letterers are I.W.P. (Indefatigable Word Placers). Alf himself is at the summit; P.E.A. (Power's Earthbound Odin). Each person would use his title at the start of his name.

Malcolm Burton,
Leeds 17, Yorks.

● *Okay, so Alf's got his title—what's mine? Got it—its F.L.R.—Frantic Letters Reader.*

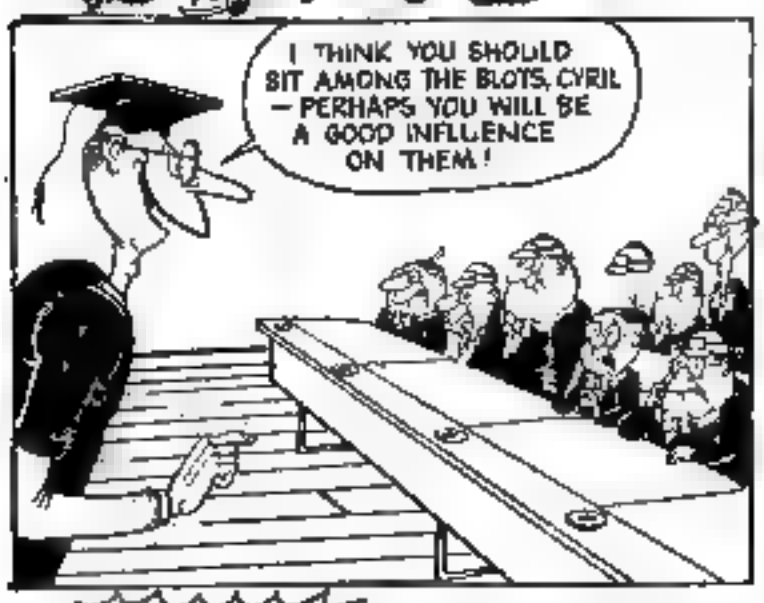
Cos.

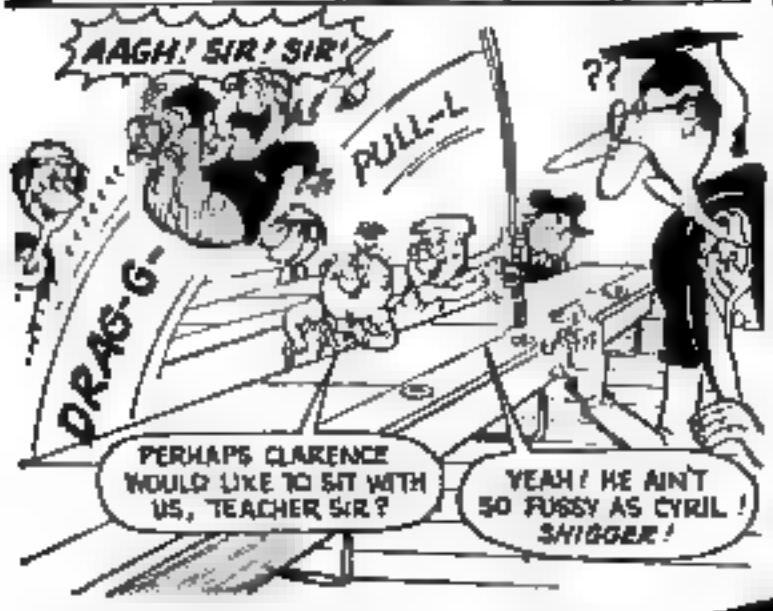
HOLIDAY EXTRAS!

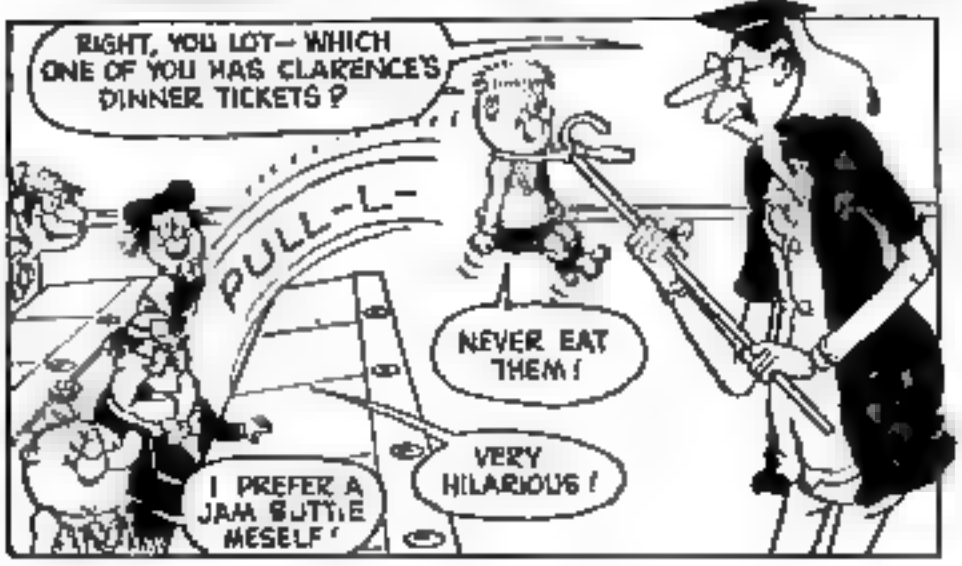
There is no need to miss your favourite paper when on holiday because extra supplies are available at all British holiday resorts. Wherever you go, you will find your copy of SMASH on sale.

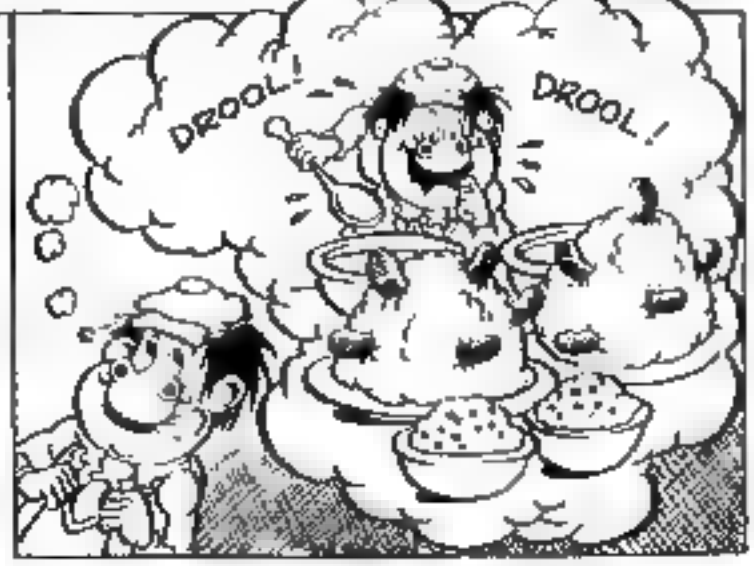
Remember to help your newsagent when you're going away. If you have your SMASH reserved or delivered, please tell him in good time when to stop delivery and when to start again.

The SWOTS and the BLOTS






RIGHT, YOU LOT— WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS CLARENCE'S DINNER TICKETS?
PULL-L-
NEVER EAT THEM!
I PREFER A JAM BUTTIE MESELF!
VERY HILARIOUS!



NOT BEING A BLOT BUT AN INTELLIGENT SWOT I KNOW THAT ONLY THOUGHT OF EXTRA GRUB COULD BRING SUCH A LOOK OF ECSTASY ON TO THAT NASTY LITTLE TWERP'S FACE!

COO! JUST THE JOB FOR ME RULER —A SUPER INKY PELLET!

HEY! THEY'RE MY LUNCH TICKETS —PUT THEM DOWN!

YAH! MISSED!

KOOM-M!

OH, GOSH! IT'S GOING OUT THE WINDOW!

POING!

WHEE-E-E!

I MUST GET MY DIN-TICKET BACK!

WHOOSH!

MEANWHILE IN THE KITCHEN..

OH, WELL— I'D BETTER GET STARTED ON THE DIN!

SPUDS

♫ SPUD, SPUD, ♫ GLORIOUS SPUD- NOTHING QUITE LIKE IT FOR STARCHING ♪ YER BLOOD!

WHEE!

SPLOT!

WHEE-E-E!

AAGH! I'VE BEEN POISONED! I'VE GOT THE BLUE-BLACK DEATH!

LEAP-P!

ER— ANYONE SEEN AN INK PELLET?

BONK!

COO! I WON'T NEED MY DINNER TICKETS NOW! THERE AREN'T GOING TO BE ANY DINNERS! COOKIE'S HAD IT!

AAGH! DID YOU SAY NO DIN?

NO GRUB!!! ??? GASP!

FOOD! FOOD! MUST HAVE FOOD!

GULP!

ER— GUESS WHICH TWO ARE GOING TO GET THE BLAME FOR THIS?

G-GULP!

G-GOSH!

SHIVER!

TREMBLE!

AAGH! MASH THEM!

NO DIN! THANKS TO THOSE TWO! WHA-AAH!

HELP! HELP! IF THAT CAT HADN'T DUCKED!

THAT'S RIGHT — BLAME ME!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

LARRY, THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E., SETS OUT TO CATCH DOC GOOLE'S PEA-SOUP CROOKS — BUT, WAIT — THERE'S A CATCH IN IT! — AND BUNGLE IS THE ONE WHO'S CAUGHT!

I'LL SOON BE OUT OF HERE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE MY PIGEON GETS THROUGH WITH MY S.O.S. TO BUNGLE H.Q.

BUT LARRY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WE KNOW

COO! THAT WAS A PROPER PEA SOUPER, ALL RIGHT I'VE GONE AND LOST ME BEARINGS!

PETE PIGEON IS GOING TO BE LATE WITH THE POST— THANKS TO DOC GOOLE!

HEH! HEH! THIS MAKES A CHANGE FROM CATCHIN' BUTTERFLIES!

WHEEE!

HALLO— THAT LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE THE MESSAGE I SENT WITH PETE!

PLOP!

GOSH— IT IS!

AND THERE'S A P.S — IT SAYS 'I'M GOING TO ENJOY PIGEON PIE FOR SUPPER— DOCTOR GOOLE'!

POOR PETE — I HOPE HE GIVES DOCTOR GOOLE INDIGESTION! LOOKS LIKE I'M LICKED!

NOW TO PUT MY PEA SOUP FOG TO SOME REAL TESTE LADS!

YES, DOCTOR GOOLE!

HELP! I CAN'T SEE A THING BEEFEATER BEN!

NOR ME, BEEFEATER BERT!

HEH! HEH! NOTHIN' TO IT, PINCHIN' THE CROWN JEWELS — WHEN YOU'VE GOT INSTANT PEA SOUP FOG!

AND ON TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

WE COULD HAVE PINCHED OL' WILSON AND HELD HIM FOR RANSOM!

NO POINT! NOBODY COULD AFFORD TO PAY THESE DAYS!

AND SO ON—

POST OFFICE TOWER

HEH! HEH! I'LL BE ABLE TO WRITE ALL MY "THANK YOU" LETTERS NOW!

STAMPS

—AND ON!

HEH! HEH! I'VE GOT A GENUINE CONSTABLE PAINTING!

NATIONAL GALLERY

NOW, LADS, WITH MY PEA SOUP FOG WE ARE READY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!

WE'LL DO IT IN THE MORNIN'!

RUB!

GOSH! I HEARD THAT! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM—SOMEHOW!

BUT BEFORE WE DO THAT—THERE IS ANOTHER LITTLE JOB—JUST FOR YOU TWO LADS! GET IN THERE AND DISPOSE OF THE LITTLE BOTHERSOME 'BOBBY'!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, BOSS!

MY WHACK FIRST, FRED!

SNIGGER!

I'LL TOSS YOU FOR IT, RICK!

LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THE SOUP ALL RIGHT—PEA SOUP!

TREMBLE!

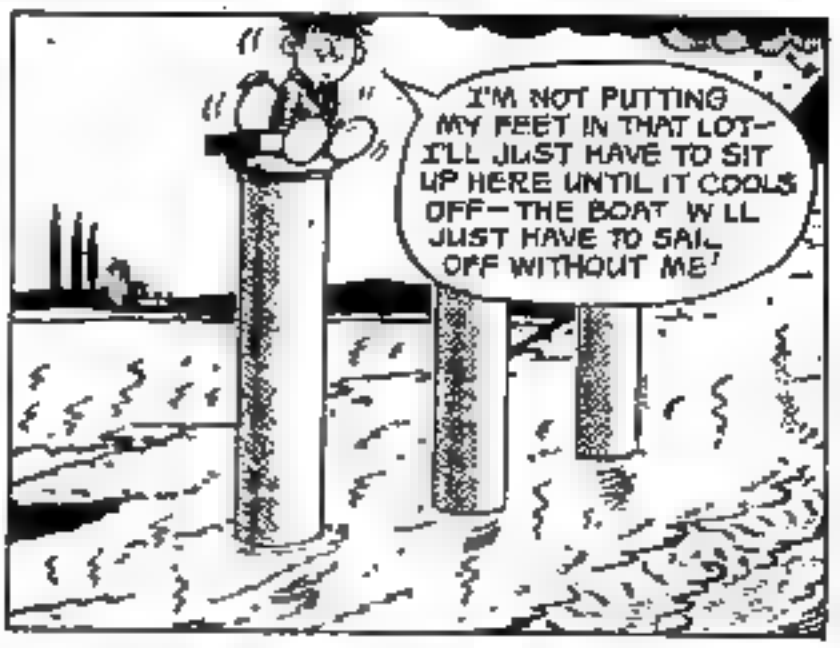
SHAKE!

WILL GOOLE'S MEN CLUB TOGETHER TO PAY BUNGLE BACK FOR ALL THE BOTHER? SEE NEXT BISH-ER-ISH!

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

RONNIE IS ON A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE...AND GETTING RICHER THAN EVER!!!
I'VE GOT TO TRY AND GET RID OF THIS LOT AT OUR NEXT PORT OF CALL!


I'M NOT PUTTING MY FEET IN THAT LOT— I'LL JUST HAVE TO SIT UP HERE UNTIL IT COOLS OFF— THE BOAT WILL JUST HAVE TO SAIL OFF WITHOUT ME!

COO! WHAT'S UP WITH RON NOW?
NOW WE KNOW.
ROMA DA NEWSA
YOUNG BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGIST DISCOVERS LONG-LOST UNDER-GROUND CITY, AND IS PRESENTED WITH FIVE HUNDRED BRITISH POUNDS.
HOWL! SOB! SOB! I'M RICHER THAN EVER!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

AND

"THE ABOMINATION!"

IT'S FINALLY HAPPENED! OUR GRUMBLING GREEN GIANT HAS FINALLY GONE BERSERK!

AND JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE ABOMINATION! C'MON--LET'S GO...!

HULK MUST SMASH - MUST DESTROY EVERYTHING!

HULK SMASH!

Grimly watching the entire titanic tableau is the one responsible for the Hulk's rampage... the unearthly, supremely-powerful STRANGER...!

THE human RACE has proven itself unfit to rule this planet! Therefore earth must be cleansed of mankind!

By affecting the Hulk's primitive brain, I have made him the agent of my will!

He will be the scythe with which I sweep the continents clean!

Now other matters in far-distant galaxies require my presence!

But when I return, the Hulk's strength shall have served me well.

By destroying vital installations wherever he finds them, he will have softened humanity up for the kill!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967.

But, although unable to think or reason for himself, some half buried instinct leads the green titan towards a distant missile base...

THOOM!

Must smash everything I see everywhere!

Must destroy weapons... so puny men can't fight back!

Then, in a series of the most monumental, distance-devouring leaps ever recorded he reaches his destination at last moving too fast... too low... to be detected by the early-warning radar...!

Mightiest weapons of all down below!!

Must find them!! Must wreck most powerful ones first!

But... which is... which?

Without warning, the sudden strain of trying to think causes an unexpected reaction...

My head... spinning! Getting weak! Starting to fall!

Something happening to Hulk!! But what...??

SECONDS LATER, AS HIS BODY GROWS SMALLER, THE CLOUDED BRAIN BEGINS TO CLEAR -- UNTIL

I'M TURNING INTO BRUCE BANNER ONCE MORE!

MUST LAND... QUICKLY WHILE I STILL RETAIN SOME OF THE HULK'S STRENGTH TO CUSHION THE SKY-HIGH FALL!

AND THEN THE ONE THING WHICH EVEN THE STRANGER HADN'T ANTICIPATED OCCURS

MY HEAD IS CLEAR NOW! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!

THE STRANGER TOOK CONTROL OF THE HULK'S BRAIN -- BUT NOW THAT I'M BRUCE BANNER ONCE MORE, HIS POWER OVER ME HAS VANISHED!

THE WORLD IS SAFE FROM THE SHATTERING ONSLAUGHT OF MY OTHER SELF!

OR, IS IT SAFE??

I CAN'T REMAIN BRUCE BANNER FOREVER! SOONER OR LATER I'LL CHANGE BACK TO THE HULK AGAIN... AS I'VE DONE SO OFTEN IN THE PAST!

AND, WHEN I DO - WHAT IF I MUST OBEY THE STRANGER'S DEADLY COMMAND ONCE MORE?

WHAT IF NOTHING CAN STOP ME NEXT TIME?

I CANNOT... I DARE NOT TAKE THE AWESOME CHANCE!

ONLY ONE THING WILL INSURE THE SAFETY OF MANKIND.

THE HULK MUST DIE!

EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS THE DEATH OF BRUCE BANNER, AS WELL!

RIGHT HERE, ON THIS POST IS THE POTENT GAMMA RAY MACHINE WHICH I MYSELF CREATED!

I'VE GOT TO REACH IT BEFORE I BECOME TRANSFORMED AGAIN!

ONE SINGLE OVERDOSE OF ITS FATAL RAYS AND THE MENACE OF THE HULK WILL BE ENDED. FOREVER!

MEANWHILE AT ANOTHER PART OF THE BASE, GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS HAS CALLED AN URGENT MEETING OF HIS TOP SECURITY OFFICERS

GENTLEMEN, AN ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF MY DAUGHTER, BETTY, HAS BEEN MADE BY AN UNIDENTIFIED ASSAILANT!

THREE SEPARATE ATTEMPTS TO SABOTAGE OUR MOST VITAL MISSILES HAVE BEEN NARROWLY NIPPED IN THE BUD!

WE KNOW THERE'S A FOREIGN AGENT OPERATING HERE ON THE POST BUT HE'S MANAGED TO SLIP THROUGH OUR FINGERS TIME AND AGAIN!

WE'LL GET HIM, GENERAL! HE CAN'T EVADE US MUCH LONGER! IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME!

DID YOU HEAR THAT GENTLEMEN? MAJOR TALBOT TELLS US IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME!

WELL, I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL THE MAJOR... AND ALL OF YOU!!

WE'VE PLUMB RUN OUT OF TIME

I WANT THAT BLASTED SPY CAUGHT... AND I WANT HIM CAUGHT NOW!!

THE SECURITY OF THIS ENTIRE MISSILE COMMAND... OF THIS ENTIRE NATION... MAY BE AT STAKE!

IF I DON'T GET RESULTS, I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDES!! I'LL BREAK EVERY ONE OF YOU...!!

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!!!

HOW GET GOING!! YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! OBEY THEM!! BRING ME THAT SPY!!

HE'S CLEVER... AND HE'S DANGEROUS!! TAKE NO CHANCES!! WHEN YOU'VE HAILED HIM SHOOT TO KILL, IF NECESSARY!

WE'LL GET 'IM, GENERAL! YOU CAN COUNT ON IT!

BETTY! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?

OH GLEN, I'M FRIGHTENED! BRUCE HAS BEEN MISSING FOR DAYS!

WHAT IS HE... OR THAT HORRIBLE HULK -- ARE MIXED UP IN ANY OF THIS??

HAVE I FOUND HIM AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED -- ONLY TO LOSE HIM ONCE MORE FOREVER?

WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU DID LOSE HIM? ALL HE'S EVER DONE IS BREAK YOUR HEART!

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE NOW DESERTED LAB OF DR. BRUCE BANNER, A MERCILESS, STEELY-EYED INTRUDER IN THE STOLEN UNIFORM OF A POST M.P. THINKS HIS OWN DARK THOUGHTS...

IF I HAD SUCCEEDED IN CAPTURING THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, MY TASK MIGHT HAVE BEEN SIMPLER!

I COULD HAVE HELD HER HOSTAGE FOR MY OWN SAFETY!

BUT, I CAN AFFORD TO WAIT NO LONGER!

I MUST GET PICTURES OF THE GAMMA RAY MACHINE NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

THERE ARE THOSE BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN WHO WILL PAY ANY PRICE FOR BANNER'S INVENTION!

IF ANYONE FINDS ME HERE I'LL CLAIM I WAS SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY SPY WHOM EVERYONE IS SEEKING!

WHAT SUPREME IRONY... TO USE MY OWN PRESENCE AS MY OWN DEFENCE!

ANOTHER FEW PICTURES WITH MY SPECIAL SUB MINIATURE CAMERA AND THE JOB WILL BE DONE!

CLICK!

CLICK!

FOOTSTEPS!! SOMEONE'S COMING!

I CAN'T BE INTERRUPTED NOW... I'M NOT YET FINISHED!

I'LL FIND A PLACE TO HIDE AND WAIT TILL HE LEAVES!

THUP! THUP!

I'M IN LUCK! MY LAB IS EMPTY!

IT'S BANNER HIMSELF! WHAT CAN HE WANT HERE NOW?

I CAN'T HESITATE... CAN'T PUT IT OFF FOR A SINGLE MINUTE!

IT MUST BE DONE BEFORE I CAN CHANGE INTO THE HULK AGAIN

GLASK!

THERE! THE SAFETY IS OFF NOW IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME!

BUT, BEFORE THE SELF SACRIFICING SCIENTIST CAN PROPERLY POSITION HIMSELF IN FRONT OF THE RAYEFUL GAMMA RAY...

HOLD IT, BANNER!! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR YOU!

GRAB HIM, MEN... BEFORE HE CAN UTILIZE THAT MACHINE!

THE M.P.'S!!

WAIT!! STOP! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I MUST BE LEFT ALONE WITH THESE GAMMA RAYS!

NO! LISTEN TO ME! LET ME EXPLAIN-!

IT'S FOR YOUR SAKE FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY! DON'T STOP ME NOW..!

SO YOU CAN CHANGE BACK TO THE HULK AND GET AWAY FROM US? IT WON'T WORK, BANNER!

WE HAVE OUR ORDERS, MISTER! YOU'RE WASTING YOUR BREATH!

AND, AS THE WILDLY-PROTESTING PRISONER IS DRAGGED AWAY...

WHATEVER HE WAS UP TO THEY NIPPED HIS PLAN RIGHT IN THE BUD!

BUT HE SURE DID WANT TO GET IN FRONT OF THAT MACHINE OF HIS!

I WONDER WHY?

BANNER'S THE GREATEST ATOMIC SCIENTIST OF THEM ALL WHATEVER HE WAS AFTER- IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING REALLY BIG!

AND NOW... I'VE GOT THE CHANCE TO HAND OUT!

THIS COULD BE THE GREATEST THING I'VE EVER STUMBLED ONTO!

THIS IS WHERE BANNER WANTED TO STAND! NOW, LET'S SEE -

THAT FOOT CONTROL MUST ACTIVATE THE APPARATUS!

PTHIPP!

AND THEN, THE INCREDIBLE OCCURS ONCE MORE!!

WHAT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??

-I'M CHANGING!!

IT..MUST BE THE SAME PROCESS... THAT CHANGED BANNER... INTO THE HULK..!

I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!! I DIDN'T KNOW... DIDN'T SUSPECT...!!

BUT BEFORE ANOTHER MOVE CAN BE MADE BEFORE ANOTHER WORD CAN BE UTTERED THE DREADED GAMMA RAYS HAVE DONE THEIR FRIGHTFUL WORK...!

TOO LATE TO STOP!! HAH!! I DON'T WANT TO STOP! I'M DIFFERENT... MORE POWERFUL!

I'M STRONG AS THE HULK!! I CAN DO ANYTHING!! I'M MASTER OF THE WORLD -- OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE!!

NO ONE CAN STAND UP TO ME!! NO ONE CAN STOP ME! I AM INVINCIBLE!

AND THEN WITHOUT REALIZING IT THE NEWLY-CREATED MONSTROUS BEING UNWITTINGLY SAVES HIS OWN LIFE!

I'LL SMASH THE MACHINE... SO THAT NO ONE ELSE CAN EVER BE AS POWERFUL AS I!!

--FOR HAD HE BEEN BOMBARDED BY THE INDESCRIBABLY POTENT RAYS JUST A FEW SECONDS LONGER, THE FORMER SPY WOULD HAVE SUFFERED THE SAME FATE WHICH BRUCE BANNER HAD INTENDED FOR THE HULK..
THUD
BOOM
HAH! NOW THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF US! ME AND THE BRAINLESS GREEN HULK!

BUT, SOON ONLY ONE WILL REMAIN!!
FOR, ONCE I DESTROY HIM .. MY STRENGTH WILL BE THE GREATEST! MY POWER WILL BE SUPREME!
NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS TO DO IS FIND HIM!

NEXT ISH: THE TWO GREAT GAMMA-POWERED GOLIATHS CLASH—AND YOURS IS A RINGSIDE SEAT THAT WILL MAKE YOU THE ENVY OF ALL WHO MISS IT!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

Knock! Knock!

Is the Knock! Knock! craze bugging your gang yet? If it is (or if it isn't), try this one on them.

You say: Knock! Knock!
They say: Who's there?
You say: Doctor!
They say: Doctor who?
You say: Gosh! You've guessed!

THE AMAZING EGG

Can you balance an egg upright on a plate? Try it before you read on and you'll fail. But here is the Knowall know-how . . . Pile a teaspoonful of salt on a plate and stand the egg upright in the salt. Then, very gently, blow all the salt away. You'll leave the egg standing upright every time!

MIND READER

You'll need a roomful of people and the help of one friend for this. Tell everyone you are going to leave the room and one person is to touch the ceiling while you are gone. You will tell them who it was when you return. This, of course, is where you need the assistance of your friend. For he will 'tell' you who the ceiling-toucher is simply by sitting or standing in exactly the same pose. For example, if the ceiling-toucher is sitting with crossed legs and arms folded, so will your friend. It will be a long time before you are caught out on this trick.

BLOW IT!

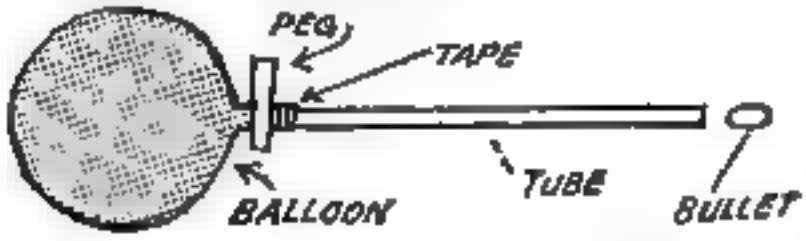
What's this champion walker snivelling for?

He has dislocated his nose by running!

TELL your mate to go out of the room and raise one of his arms in the air for exactly one minute. When he comes back, you will be able to tell him which arm he had raised. How?—The arm that has been up in the air will be much whiter—because the blood ran out! Simple, isn't it!

AIR MACHINE GUN

Roll a strip of paper several times round a pencil to make a firm tube. Put one end into the mouth of a balloon and bind on firmly with self adhesive cellulose tape. Now make some paper bullets about half an inch long from strips of paper, rolling them solid. They've got to slide just easily down that tube. Now blow the balloon up. Put a spring clothes peg on the neck of the balloon to stop it leaking, and drop one of your 'bullets' down the muzzle. Squeeze the clothes peg quick and you've fired! And there's still plenty of air left for lots more shots.



144 DIFFERENT STAMPS

FREE!

Just fill in the coupon below and we will send you a wonderful packet of 144 different stamps FREE OF CHARGE together with a selection of Approvals.
Please enclose 4d. postage.
Tell your parents you are writing.

Please send Free Gifts and Approvals as advertised to:

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Includes First Coronation stamp; 1958 Dragon Pictorial; Nature Week; Red Cross Centenary; N.P.T. Map stamp and many other big Great Britain Stamps! Flowers; Sports; Animals; Famous Men, etc. All Large—all genuine.

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TO JET STAMPS MUCH WENLOCK (Dept. G521), SALOP

PLEASE SEND ME THE FREE GREAT BRITAIN PACKET AND APPROVALS. I ENCLOSE 4d. POSTAGE.

NAME .....

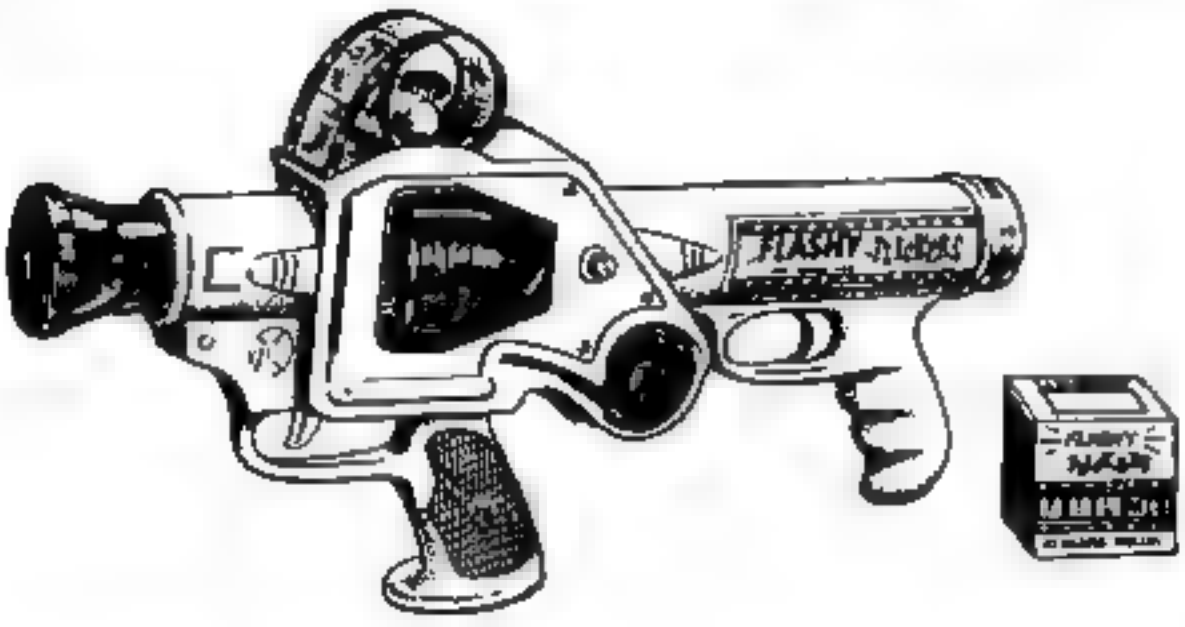
ADDRESS .....

want to be a

MOVIE PROJECTIONIST

RACING DRIVER

DOUBLE AGENT



FLASHY FLICKERS

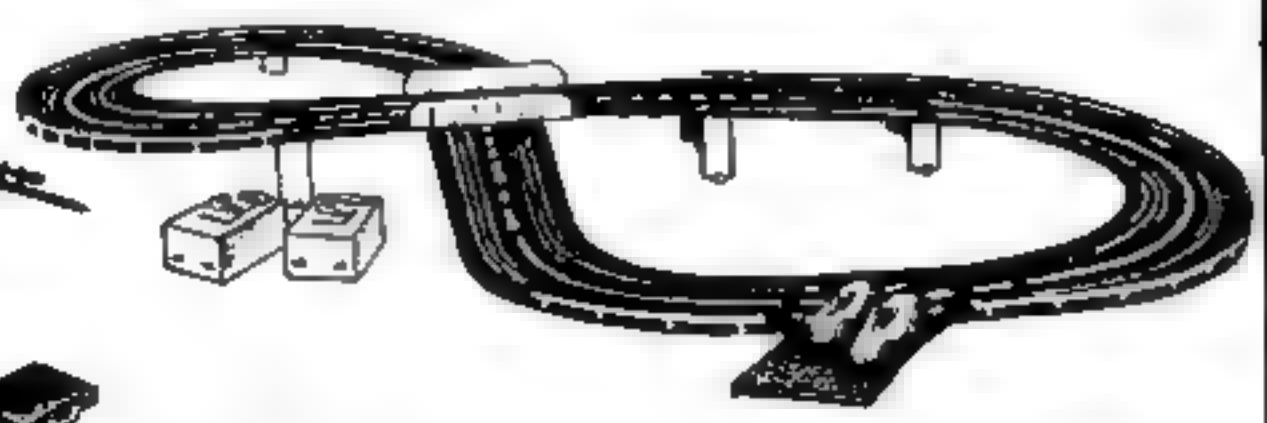
The super Film and Slide Projector Gun! This is really something! Imagine giving your own film show anywhere, any time AND be able to show 35 mm. slides too! This marvellous projector gun means you can do just that! Load up, press the trigger and project. Comes complete with colour films, each telling a full story and you can get extra films easily. Illuminated by three U 2 batteries (not supplied). *If you like movies (and who doesn't?)— FLASHY FLICKERS IS FOR YOU!*

PRICE 29/11d.

MIKE HAZARD, DOUBLE AGENT

Take a look at this—here's the most famous Top Secret Operative of them all AND all his gadgets and special equipment, to say nothing of his weapons! Standing 15½" tall, MIKE is fully movable and will take up any action pose you want. His kit includes disguises, clothes, guns, booby traps, radio and so on ... over fifty pieces in all. *If you like the thrills of the undercover Agent's life then MIKE HAZARD will give you plenty of chance to enjoy them!*

PRICE 32/11d.



DE LUXE AUTO RACE SET

See if you could be a racing ace! This thrilling, realistic race game tests your skill and judgment. Two modern race cars and an authentic Figure 8 track complete with Le Mans type start. Automatic Lap Counter and Chicane Sections. Each car is operated by a waterproof battery box powered by three U-2 batteries (not supplied), and it's up to you to get them around the track safely and fast! Everything you need for the most exciting game there is!

PRICE 76/-

THEY'RE SPECIAL — THEY'RE SUPER — THEY'RE MARX

SEE THEM AT YOUR TOYSTORE TODAY!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE

LOOK AT MY COLLECTION OF BIRDS' EGGS! YOU NAME IT — I'VE GOT IT!

HOW ABOUT A HEN'S EGG, CHARLIE?

OH, NO!—I ALWAYS OVER-LOOK THE OBVIOUS!

SLAP!

HI! KEEP YOUR THIEVING FINGERS OFF MY EGGS!

OW!

HAPPINESS IS EGG-SHAPED!

SO IT IS!—AND NOW MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE!

SNATCH

I'VE PUT A PIN-HOLE EACH END—NOW I'LL BLOW THE INSIDE OUT!

BLOW!

EEK!

SPLAT!

GRR! FIRST YOU PINCH MY EGG, THEN BLOW IT IN MY FACE!

SORRY, MISS —IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

I'LL GIVE YOU AN ACCIDENT!— TAKE THAT—

AND THAT, AND THAT, AND...

HEY! CUT IT OUT! MUM WILL KILL ME IF YOU MAKE A MESS!

I'D BETTER SWITCH THAT DEMENTED OLD DAME OFF!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! I HAVEN'T STARTED YET!

KLANG

OH! SHE'S GOING TO WORK ON ME WITH AN EGG-PAN!

MY TELLY'S REMOTE CONTROL SWITCH! I'LL CHANGE CHANNELS WITH IT!

WATCH OUT, CHARLIE! THERE ARE EGGS EVERY - WHERE!

COO! A MOVING TARGET NOW!

IT'S MUCH MORE FUN WHEN THE TARGET'S MOVING!

CRASH!

YOU MUST SEE CHARLIE'S COLLECTION OF EGGS, VICAR — IT'S QUITE AMAZING REALLY!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING IT, MRS. BROWN!

OH! NO!

TUT! TUT! IT REALLY IS AMAZING!

HO! HO! I THINK I'LL MAKE MY EGGS-IT! — CACKLE!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

SUDDENLY, IN WEST CITY, U.S.A. THE MACHINES COME TO LIFE—TO STRIKE AGAINST THEIR HUMAN MASTERS. RUBBERMAN AND FRANK REILLY ARE CHASED INTO A FOREST BY TWO KILLER TANKS. THE TANKS ARE DESTROYED, BUT FROM THEM COME MACHINES OF ANOTHER KIND . . .

TREES SNAP LIKE MATCHSTICKS AS THE ROBOTS ADVANCE.

THEY . . . THEY'VE GOT THE STRENGTH OF PILE-DRIVERS!

CRASH!

. . . AND THEY MOVE AS FAST AS A MAN CAN RUN!

THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO, RUBBERMAN— RUN!

RIGHT — AND KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED!

BUT ONCE AGAIN THEY FIND THEY CAN GO NO FURTHER . .

WHAT A COUNTRY! NOTHING BUT HILLS TREES AND MOUNTAINS . AND ROBOTS!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO? THE ROBOTS ARE GAINING ON US!

THE LAST TIME YOU PROVIDED ME WITH A HUMAN LADDER, RUBBERMAN. BUT THIS TIME WE'D NEVER MAKE IT BEFORE THOSE THINGS GOT TO US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FRANK. CLIMBING IS OUT! BUT THERE IS ANOTHER WAY.. I THINK!

RUBBERMAN DIVES INTO THE TALL, CONCEALING GRASS. .

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

PLAY A HUNCH! KEEP RUNNING, FRANK! I WANT THOSE ROBOTS TO KEEP ON SEEING YOU!

THEN...

IF THOSE THINGS CAN'T REALLY SEE. .THEY MUST BE BEAMED ON TO A TARGET! I JUST HOPE THEY STAY BEAMED ON TO FRANK!

I'M GAMBLING THAT IF THEY TRIP AND FALL THEY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GET UP AGAIN..

BUT THEY'RE NOT TRIPPING! THEY'RE JUST PLOUGHING ON!

FALL YOU TINHORNS! WHY DON'T YOU FALL?

THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN! BUT THAT'S ALL... AND THERE'S A LIMIT TO HOW MUCH I CAN STRETCH!

SUDDENLY, THE FORCE OF RUBBERMAN'S STRETCHED BODY GETS TOO GREAT . .

OOOOFFF!

AND THE ROBOTS SMASH BACK INTO THOSE FOLLOWING...

BULLSEYE! IF THERE'S SUCH A THING AS A CATAPULT CHAMP OF THE WORLD... I'M IT!

BUT THE DANGER HAS ONLY BEEN LESSENED, NOT REMOVED...

I CAN'T DO THAT AGAIN! THEY'RE BEAMED ON TO ME NOW!

THAT'S NO GOOD RUBBERMAN! WE'LL NEVER CLIMB OUT OF THIS! THEY'RE TOO CLOSE!

I KNOW IT, FRANK! I ALSO KNOW THAT THOSE TINTYPES ARE NOT AS TOUGH AS THEY LOOK! THEY'RE MADE OF SOME LIGHT ALLOY!

RUBBERMAN'S ARM STRETCHES UP...

FLATTEN YOURSELF AGAINST THE ROCK, FRANK, QUICK!

WE'VE HAD IT! THERE'S NO HOPE OF STOPPING THEM NOW!

DESPERATELY WRENCHING, RUBBERMAN MANAGES TO DISLODGE A HUGE BOULDER. THEN...

WE CAN'T STOP THEM. BUT MAYBE AN AVALANCHE WILL!

NEXT INSTANT...

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

AN HOUR LATER THEY REACH ANOTHER HIGHWAY...

A TAXI! AND THANK GOODNESS THIS ONE'S GOT A DRIVER!

BUT MILES AWAY, EVEN AS THE TAXI STOPS...

HOP IN IF YOU WANT A LIFT! I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING—AS LONG AS IT'S AWAY FROM WEST CITY!

Yellow Cab Co.

— RUBBERMAN! THE ONE PERSON WHO COULD THREATEN OUR PLAN! HE STILL LIVES! BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER... ME HAS WALKED RIGHT INTO A TRAP!

HUNTED AND HOUNDED BY EVERY SPEEDING CAR, CRUSHING TANK AND TRACTOR! HOW CAN EVEN THE AMAZING MAN OF RUBBER HOPE TO SURVIVE? THE STAGGERING HAPPENINGS IN WEST CITY NEXT WEEK COULD HAPPEN ANYTIME— ANYWHERE, IF THE CONTROLLER IS NOT STOPPED!

THE NERVS

PHEW! GASP! WHEEZE! MUST TRY TO GET SOME WEIGHT OFF — THE DOC SAYS EXERCISE IS THE THING! PANT!

BUT LOOK WHAT IT'S DOING INSIDE FATTY'S TUM..

AAGH! THE FAT TWERP'S FOLDED OUR TUM HOME IN TWO!

NAAH! A DOUBLE-DECKER PAUNCH!

SQUEEZE!

TUM DEPT.

GRR! I'LL STRAIGHTEN THE TWERP OUT!

BACK DOOR

BACK DEPT.

TOMMY TUM NERV! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I'M DOING— STAND BACK AND WATCH!

SPINAL COLUMN

FATTY'S IN FOR THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

BASH!

AIEE! ME BACK! OOO-OOH!!

NO! NO! THAT'S STRAIGHTENED HIM OUT!

BACK IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT—

GOOD OL' TOMMY! WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL — THANKS TO YOU!

AW! SHUCKS — IT WAS NOTHING!

BOOST ALIEN!

G-GULP! THINGS AREN'T GOING TO STAY PEACEFUL FOR LONG!—

GOOD! TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT, MEN!!

YEAH! WE'LL GIVE THEM BASH UP OUR PLACE!

BACK-BONE

BACK-GESTORE

BACK NURSERY

ACTION STATIONS! THE BACK NERVS ARE COMIN' TO BASH US!

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

HEH! HEH! LEAVE 'EM TO TOMMY! — THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A STOMACH PUMP TO COOL HOTHEADS DOWN!

AAGH!

CHEAT! OUR ATTACK IS A WASH-OUT!

NO MORE EXERCISES FOR ME — THEY'RE TOO PAINFUL! I'LL BE BACK TO BELLYFULS OF BANGERS! DROOL!

WHOOSH!

YEOW! THERE'S HOPE YET! FATTY'S EATING AGAIN!

WE'LL USE THIS BANGER TO FLATTEN TOMMY AND HIS TUM TWERPS!

AAGH! RETREAT! HELP!

OH, NO! LOOK AT THE PIG! HE EVEN DRINKS THE GREASE FROM THE PLATE!

SLUP!

SCHLOP!

UH! WHAT'S THIS COMING INTO THE TUM?

SPLOOGE!

AAGH! LOOK OUT! IT'S GREASE!

HO! HO! THEY'VE SLIPPED UP AGAIN!

SWOOOSH!

SLITHER!

HELP!

HO! HO! THEY CAN'T STOP!

SWOOSH!

CHEERIO!

HEH! HEH! THEY'VE CRASHED INTO A WALL— FATTY'S STOMACH WALL!

THUMP!

AAGH! ME T-T-TUM!

WHO'S SURPRISED?

HELP! HELP! I CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP!

DO YOU THE WORLD OF GOOD! YOU CAN'T EAT IN THAT POSITION!

HO! HO! BACK TO THE BACK, MEN!

AND LOCK THE BLINKING DOOR! SNIGGER!

LET ME IN, YOU ROTTERS! LET ME BASH FATTY'S SPINE TO STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT AGAIN!

BACK DEPT

BASH!

NOT LIKELY, TOMMY! HOP IT!

BAH! WE'RE RIGHT BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED!

WIV A TWO-FLOOR TUM! GRRR!

DON'T WORRY, EVERYONE. IF THE BACK NERVS DON'T GIVE IN BEFORE NEXT WEEK, WE'LL STRAIGHTEN FATTY OUT PERSONALLY!

Alf & Co.

INCHMAN

Dramatic dash in Dinky Ford 40 RV keeps Moon-shot 97 on schedule

Cape Kennedy, USA, 9 a.m. On a June morning Inchman has been invited to see the latest attempt at a manned soft landing on the moon.

SUDDENLY, CONTROL-CENTRE READINGS SHOW FAILURE OF A MICRO-RELAY. THE NEAREST REPLACEMENT IS 300 MILES AWAY. SHOULD BLAST-OFF BE POSTPONED? CAN INCHMAN GET THERE AND BACK IN TIME?

I'LL HAVE TO TRY. LUCKY I CAME IN MY DINKY FORD 40 RV. SHE'S TUNED UP AND READY TO GO

CLEAR ROAD. I CAN PUT MY FOOT DOWN NOW!

INCHMAN SPEEDS AWAY TOWARDS THE FACTORY, ENGINE ROARING AND BUILDS UP TO THE SPINE-TINGLING SPEED OF 160 M.P.H.

GEE! THAT SURE IS MOVIN! I'LL FILL HER UP RIGHT AWAY.

BURNING UP THE ROAD AT 160 EATS UP THE JUICE

WITH THE VITAL COMPONENT SAFELY COLLECTED INCHMAN STOPS FOR FUEL. HE QUICKLY CHECKS THE OIL LEVEL BEFORE HEADING BACK AGAIN... *THE DINKY FORD 40 RV HAS A HINGED ENGINE COVER*

MOTOR-CYCLE POLICE CLEAR THE ROAD THROUGH A BUSY AREA. INCHMAN LEAVES THEM BEHIND AND AGAIN BUILDS UP TO TOP SPEED

GOOD LUCK, INCHMAN. HOPE YOU MAKE IT IN TIME!

JUMPIN' RATTLESNAKES! THE WHOLE LOAD'S FALLIN OFF. WOW! HE'S HIT THAT CHAIR!

INCHMAN OVERTAKES AN ANCIENT JALOPY PILED HIGH WITH OLD FURNITURE. A CHAIR FALLS AND BOUNCES UNDER HIS FORWARD SUSPENSION. HE SWINGS OFF THE ROAD...

GEE, INCHMAN, I SURE AM SORRY. HOPE THAT OLE CHAIR DIDN'T DAMAGE YOUR STEERING.

EVERY SECOND IS VITAL. RAPIDLY FREEING PIECES OF SPLINTERED WOOD INCHMAN SEES THAT THE SUSPENSION IS O.K. THERE'S JUST A HUNDRED MILES TO GO... BACK TO CAPE KENNEDY. *THE DINKY FORD 40 RV HAS A FORWARD HINGED OPENING BONNET*

THERE SHE GOES, INCHMAN... WITHOUT YOUR HELP WE COULDN'T HAVE MADE THIS MOONSHOT FOR ANOTHER MONTH AT LEAST.

DON'T THANK ME, GENERAL. JUST BE THANKFUL I HAD MY DINKY FORD 40 RV!

THE DINKY FORD 40 RV HAS AN OPENING BONNET (WITH LIFT-OFF PANEL) - REAR ENGINE COVER HINGES OPEN. REALISTIC DETAILED RACING ENGINE AND SUSPENSION, WIRE WHEELS, RACING-TYPE WING MIRRORS AND JEWELLED HEADLIGHTS.

HAVE LOTS OF EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH YOUR OWN DINKY FORD 40 RV ASK FOR MODEL N° 132 9/64

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW FROM

DINKY TOYS.

Precision die-cast scale models made by Meccano Ltd. and sold by Hamleys, Harrods, Gamages, Selfridges, and all good toy shops.